Dickens Manuscripts at Dickens House
48 Doughty Street, London.

Foreword
by
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When the comparatively obscure young journalist, Charles Dickens rocketted to fame with the publication of The Pickwick Papers, the author seems to have been confident of the abiding quality of his success but yet did not appear to appreciate the ultimate value of his manuscripts. That of Pickwick was distributed, often in single sheets, among his many friends and only a few are now known to exist. The MSS of Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby were treated in the same way but a great deal more of them have survived. After that Dickens presented the MSS of nearly all his major works to his life-long friend and biographer, John Forster: the two last to be completed he gave to other friends. Forster's collection is intact at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London: the MS of Great Expectations is at the Wisbech Museum in Cambridgeshire, and that of Our Mutual Friend is in the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. It is curious that the MSS of the earliest major works not in the Victoria and Albert Museum were written, in part at least, at 48 Doughty Street, now the Dickens House, and owing to the munificence of two benefactors, portions of all three are in the collection there: one sheet of Pickwick and a complete chapter of Nickleby were presented by the late Comte de Suzannet of Lausanne, the celebrated Dickens collector, and a fragment of Oliver Twist by Mr. G.S.Nottage, the son of a former Lord Mayor of London who was a notable collector of Dickensiana.

These MSS are all included in this film together with others at the Dickens House - those of an Introduction to Dombey, Our Commission, Dickens's preamble to the first issue of his periodical Household Words, The Schoolboy's Story, which appeared in All the Year Round and later in Reprinted Pieces.

Also included in this film is a fragment of a proof corrected by Dickens, Dickens's recension of an article, Women in the Home, by Angela Burdett Coutts, the special licence for the novelist's marriage (his bride was a minor), entries by Dickens of the births of his children, in a family bible, and the only known letter of Mary Hogarth, Dickens greatly loved sister-in-law who died at Doughty Street at the age of seventeen.

Dickens's autograph letters at the Dickens House form the subject of another film.

commanding tone.

"Sir" said the green-grocer.
"Have you got your Coach on?"
"Then take the Kiver off!" "Yes Sir."

"Yes Sir."

The green grocer did as he was told with great humility, and obsequiously handed Mr Pickle the carving knife in doing which, he accidentally ~~[illegible]~~ slipped.

"What do you mean by that, Sir Hobbs?" said Mr Pickle, with great asperity.

"Beg your pardon Sir" replied the crest-fallen green grocer "I didn't mean to do it Sir. I was up very late last night Sir.

"I tell you what my opinion of you, is, Harris" said Mr Pickle with a most impressive air "You're a vulgar beast."

"I hope gentlemen" said Harris "that you won't be severe with me, gentlemen. I'm very much obliged to you indeed gentlemen for your patronage, and also for your recommendations gentlemen whenever additional assistance in waiting is required. ~~[illegible]~~ I hope gentlemen, I'll give satisfaction."

Chapter IX.

Of Mrs Squeers, Mr. Squeers, Master Squeers and Mr. Squeers; and various matters connected with the Squeers's than with Nicholas Nickleby.

When Mr Squeers left the school-room for the night, he took himself, as has been before remarked, to his own fire-side which was situated not in the room in which Nicholas had supped on the night of his arrival, but in a smaller apartment in the rear of the premises, where his lady wife, his amiable son, and accomplished daughter were in the full enjoyment of each other's society: Mr. Squeers being engaged in the matronly pursuit of stocking darning, and the young lady and gentleman occupied in the adjustment of some youthful differences by means of a pugilistic contest across the table, which on the approach of their honored parent subsided

with a nonsclean exchange of kicks beneath it.

and in this place it may be as well to apprise the reader that Miss Fanny Spears was in her twentieth year. If there is ~~any~~ one ^ that particular ^ period of life, Miss Spears ~~was~~ may be presumed to have been possessed of it, as there is no reason to suppose that she was a solitary exception to the universal rule. She was not tall like her mother, but short like her father; from the former she inherited a voice of harsh quality, and from the latter a ~~[illegible]~~ remarkable depression of the right eye ~~[illegible]~~ something akin to squinting ~~[illegible]~~ Miss Spears had been spending a few days with a neighbouring friend and had only just returned to the parental roof. To this circumstance may be referred her having heard nothing of

Nicholas until Mr Squeers himself now made him the subject of conversation.

"Well my dear" said Squeers drawing up his chair "what do you think of him by this time?"

"Think of who?" enquired Mrs Squeers (as she ~~accordingly~~ officiously remarked) was no Grammarian

Mantelsod.

"Of the ~~incredible~~ young man - the new teacher - who else comes I mean?"

"Oh! That Nicklelby" said Mrs Squeers impatiently "I hate him."

"What do you hate him for, my dear?" asked Squeers

"What's that to you?" retorted Mrs Squeers "if I hate him that's enough, ain't it?"

"Quite enough for him my dear, and a great deal too much I dare say, if he knew it" replied Squeers in a pacific tone

"Only asked from curiosity my dear"

"Well then, if you want to know" Because he's

Joined Mrs Squeers "I'll tell you consequential

a fraud, laughing, ~~impudent~~ ~~incredible~~

turned-up nose ~~peacock~~ peacock ~~dog~~.

Mrs Speers when excited was ~~ill~~ accustomed to use strong language and moreover to make use of a plurality of epithets, some of which were of a figurative kind as the word ~~dog~~ peacock, and the allusion to Nicholas's nose which was not intended to be taken in its literal sense, but rather to bear a latitude of construction according to the ~~mind~~ frame of the hearer. Neither were they meant to bear reference to each other so much as to the object on whom they were lavished as will be seen in the present case which is commonly the ~~case~~ with a turned-up nose being a readily omitted and often not clear point as of an unkind deprecation of this outbreak. "He is cheap my dear; the young man is very cheap."

"Not a bit of it" retorted Mrs Speers

"Five Pound a year" said Speers

"What of that; it's dear if you don't want him, isn't it?" replied his wife.

"But we do want him" urged Speers

"I don't see that you want him any more than the dead". and Mrs. Speers "Don't tell me. You can put ~~it down~~ down on the cards and in the advertisements 'Education by Mr Washford Speers and able assistants', without having any assistants,

cant you? Isn't it done every day by all the masters about? I've no patience with you."

"Haunt you!" said Squeers stoutly. "Now I'll tell you what, Mrs Squeers. In this matter of having a teacher, I'll take my own way if you please. a slave driver in the West Indies is allowed a man under him who can keep his blacks down, and he has a right to use such force as is necessary to maintain his authority. I'm the man under me to do the same with our blacks & I'll be such time as Vitale Wackford is able to take charge of the school."

"Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man father?" said Wackford Junior, suspending, in the act of his delight a vicious kick which he was administering to his sister.

"You are, my son," replied Mr Squeers in a sentimental voice

"Oh my eye, won't I give it to the boys!" exclaimed the interesting child grasping his father's cane "Oh father, won't I make 'em squeak again!"

It was a proud moment in Mr

Squeers's life to the listeners. that burst of enthusiasm in his young child's mind, and to see in it a foreshadowing of his future eminence. He kissed a penny with his hand and gave vent to his feelings (as did his exemplary wife also) in a short burst of approving laughter. The infantine appeal to their common sympathies at once restored cheerfulness to the conversation, and harmony to the company.

"He's a nasty stuck-up monkey. That's what I consider him" said Mrs. Squeers, resuming the Nicholas.

"Supposing he is" - said Squeers "he is as well stuck up in our schoolroom as anywhere else isn't he? - especially as he don't like it."

"Well" observed Mrs. Squeers "there's something in that. I hope it'll bring his pride down, and it shall be the fault of mine if it don't."

Now it was a proud usher in a Yorkshire school was such a very extraordinary and unaccountable thing to hear of, - any usher at all being an

novelty. but 4d a pound one a being of whose existence the wildest imagination could never have dreamt — that this Spicers who seldom troubled herself with scholastic matters & enquired with much curiosity who this Bucklebury was that gave himself such airs.

"Bucklebury" said Spicers spelling the name according to some ~~wonderful~~ eccentric system which prevailed in his own mind "your mother always cales things and people by their wrong names"

"~~Cause I see them~~ no matter for that" said Spicers "I see them with right eyes, and that's quite enough for me. I watched him when you were laying on to little Bolder this afternoon. He looked as black as thunder all the while, and one time started up as if he had made up sot it in his mind to make a rush at you; I saw him, though he thought I didn't."

"Never mind that father" said this Spicers as the head of the family

was about to reply "Who is the man?"
"Why your father has got some nonsense
in his head that he's the son of a
poor gentleman that died" the other day "said
Mrs Speers." "The son of a gentleman!"
"Yes" "I don't believe a word of it.
If he's a gentleman's son at all, he's an
~~illegible~~ foundling,
that's ~~illegible~~ my opinion." [Mrs Speers
intended to say "foundling", but as she
frequently remarked ~~illegible~~
~~illegible~~ when she made any such mistake,
it moved it all the same a hundred
years hence; with which apercu of philosophy
~~illegible~~ indeed she was in the constant
habit of consoling the boys when they
laboured under more than ordinary
ill usage.

"It's nothing of the kind" - said
Speers in answer to the above remarks
"for his father was married to his mother
~~long~~ years before he was born, and she is alive
now. If he was it moved be ~~illegible~~ as lawyers of sons
~~illegible~~ for we make a very good friend
by having him here, and it be likes
to learn the boys anything" ~~illegible~~ besides teaching them, I have no

objection I am sure."

"I say again I hate him worse than poison" said Mrs. Squeers vehemently.

"If you dislike him so dear" returned Squeers "I don't know anybody who can show dislike better than you, and of course there's no occasion, with him, to take the trouble to hide it."

Ladies "I don't intend to, I assure you" retorted Mrs. S.

"That's right" - said Squeers "and if he has a touch of pride about him, as I think he has, I don't believe there's a woman in all England that can bring anybody's spirit down as quick as yours can, my Dear."

Mrs Squeers chuckled - vastly out the receipt of these flattering compliments, and said she hoped he had tamed a his spirit or two
good deal of the spirit in her day. It is but due to her character to say, that in consideration of her estimable husband, she had broken many and many a one.

This Fanny Squeers carefully treasured up this and much more conversation on the same subject until she retired for the

night, when she questioned the hungry servant
minutely, regarding the outward appearance and
demeanour of Nicholas; ~~who replied to~~ which inquiries, the girl
returned such enthusiastic replies, coupled
with so many laudatory remarks touching
his beautiful dark eyes and his sweet
smile and his straight legs - upon which
last-named articles she laid particular stress:
as the General thing of the female sex at Dotheboys
Hall ~~generally~~ are crooked - that
Miss Squeers was not long in arriving at
the conclusion that the new usher must
be a very remarkable person, or as she
herself significantly phrased it "something quite out
of the common." and so Miss
Squeers made up her mind to that she
would take a personal observation of
Nicholas the very next day.

In pursuance of this design, the
young lady watched the opportunity of
her mother being engaged and her father
absent, and went accidentally into the
school-room to set a pen mended, where,
seeing nobody but Nicholas presiding over the boys she

blushed very deeply and exhibited great confusion

"I beg your pardon" faultered Miss Squeers

"I thought my father was - or might be - dear me how very awkward."

"Mr Squeers is out" - said Nicholas, by no means overcome by the apparition unexpected though it was.

"Do you know wile he be long Sir?" asked Miss Squeers with bashful hesitation.

"He said about an hour" replied Nicholas - politely of course but without any indication of being struck to the heart by Miss Squeers's charms.

"I never knew anything happen so cross" exclaimed the young lady. "Thank you. I am very sorry I intruded I am sure. If I had'nt thought my father was here, I would'nt upon any account have - it is very provoking - must look so very strange" murmured Miss Squeers blushing one more, and glancing from the pen in her hand to Nicholas at his desk, and back again.

"If that is all you want" said

Nicholas pointing to the pen and smiling in spite of himself at the affected embarrassment of the schoolmaster's daughter, "perhaps Jean supply his place."

Miss Squeers glanced at the door as if dubious of the propriety of advancing any nearer to an utter stranger, then looked round the schoolroom as though in some measure reassured by the presence of forty boys, and finally sidled up to Nicholas and delivered the pen into his hand with a most winning mixture of coyness and condescension.

"Shall it be a hard or a soft nib?" enquired Nicholas smiling to prevent himself from laughing outright.

"He has a beautiful smile" thought Miss Squeers.

"Which did you say?" asked Nicholas.

"Dear me" was thinking "of something else for the moment; I declare" "Oh" replied Miss Squeers "as soft as possible if you please." with which words she blushed Miss

Spoons sighed. It might be hoped Nicholas to understand that her heart was soft, and that the pen was wanted to match.

Upon these instructions Nicholas made the pen: and when he gave it to Miss Spoons Miss Spoons dropped it, and when he stooped to pick it up Miss Spoons stooped also and then knocked their heads together, whereat five and twenty little boys laughed aloud, being positively for the first and only time that half year.

"I'm awkward of me" - said Nicholas opening the door for the young lady's retreat.

"Not at all Sir" replied Miss Spoons "It was my fault. It was all my foolish - a - a - good morning."

"Good by" said Nicholas "The next I make for you. I hope you'll be more careful. Take care, you are biting the nib off now."

"Really" - said Miss Spoons "I scarcely know what I - I'm so embarrassing that I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Not the least trouble in the World" replied Nicholas closing the door, the school.

room-door!

(Bigger) "I never saw such legs in the whole course of my life!" said Miss Squeers as she marked away. [In fact Miss Squeers was in love with Nicholas Nickleby.

To account for the rapidity with which this young lady had conceived a passion for Nicholas, it may be necessary to state that the friend from whom she had so recently returned, was a miller's daughter of only sixteen who had contracted herself unto the son of a small corn-factor resident in the nearest market town. Miss Squeers and the miller's daughter being fast friends had covenanted to correspond according to a custom prevalent among young ladies whereby each was pledged to write to the other once every day, and to relate all the circumstances that occurred however trifling they might be. Miss Squeers had already entered into the mighty secret of the tender passion, and she had commenced it to her friend without loss of time, and she spoke as was her custom, in the true spirit of confiding sisterhood. The miller's daughter, when her engagement was first formed some two years before, had come out express at eleven o'clock at night as the corn factor's son made an offer of his hand and heart at twenty minutes past

by the dutch 51 clock in the kitchen, and
rushed ~~[illegible]~~ into Mrs Speers's bedroom with
the gratifying intelligence. Now, Miss Speers
~~[illegible]~~ being two years older and
out of her teens (which is also a seat matter)
had since been ~~[illegible]~~ more than commonly
anxious to return the compliment and possess
her friend with a similar secret. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ Selby in consequence of finding it had
~~[illegible]~~ but ~~[illegible]~~ she
Wpleased herself, or Landen, Wpleased anybody else,
had never had an opportunity so to do,
inasmuch as she had no such secret to
disclose. ~~[illegible]~~ the latter interview with
Nicholas had no sooner passed as above
described, however, than Miss Speers putting
on her bonnet made her way with great
precipitation to her friend's house and upon
a solemn renewal of divers old vows of
secresy revealed how that she was - not
exactly engaged but going to be - to a gentle-
man's son (none of your com factors but a
Gentleman's son of high descent) ~~[illegible]~~
who had come down as teacher to Dotheboys

Hale under most mysterious and remarkable
circumstances — indeed as Miss Speers more than
once hinted, she had good reason for believing —
induced by the fame often many
charms to seek her out, and woo and win her.

"Isn't it an extraordinary thing?" said
Miss Speers emphasizing the adjective
strongly.

"Most extraordinary" replied the friend. "But
what had he said to you?"

"Don't ask me what he said my dear"
rejoined Miss Speers "If you had only
seen his looks and smiles! I never was
so overcome in all my life."

"Did he look in this way?" enquired
the miller's daughter counterfeiting as
nearly as she could, a favorite leer of
the com-factor.

"Very like that, — only more genteel"
replied Miss Speers.

"ah" said the friend "then he means
something depend on it."

Miss Speers having slight misgivings
on the subject was by no means ill pleased
to be confirmed by a competent authority.

and discovering on further conversation and comparison
of notes a great many points of resemblance between
the behaviour of Nicholas and that of the
rum factor, Sally so exceedingly confidential
that she entrusted her friend with a number of
many things Nicholas had not said, which were
all so very complimentary as to be quite con-
clusive. Then she dilated on the
fearful hardship of having a father and
mother strenuously opposed to Nicholas on
which unhappy circumstance she dwelt
at great length, for the friends
father and mother were quite agreeable
to her being married, and the whole courtship
was in consequence as flat and
common place as an affair as
it was possible to imagine.

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed
the friend.

"So you shall Tilda" replied miss
Squeers "I should consider myself one of the
most ungrateful creatures alive, if I denied
you. I think mother's going away for
two days to fetch some boys, and if

when she does. I'll ask you and John up to tea," and have him to meet you."

This was a charming idea, and having fully discussed it the friends parted.

It so fell out that the next day Mrs. Speers's journey to some distance to fetch three new boys and their luggage, for the balance of a small account, the relations of the old ones had fixed that very afternoon for the next day but one; and on the next day but one Mrs. Speers got up outside the coach as it stopped to change at Speen Bridge, taking with her a small bundle containing a change of something in a bottle and some sandwiches, and carrying besides a large white top coat to wear in the night time; with which baggage she went her way.

Whenever such opportunities as these occurred, it was Mr. Speers's custom to drive over to the market town (by evening, on pretence of urgent business, and stop till eleven or twelve o'clock at a tavern where he much affected, for the party was not in

his way therefore, but ~~[illegible]~~ rather ~~[illegible]~~ offered a means of compromise with Miss Squeers, he readily yielded his full assent thereunto and ~~[illegible]~~ unless communicated to Nicholas ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ that he was expected to take his tea in the parlour that ~~[illegible]~~ evening at five o'clock.

To be sure Miss Squeers was in a desperate flutter as the time approached, and well she might be: with her hair — it had most decidedly the advantage: both in point of quantity and colour — curled in the most tremendous manner, and she wore it in a crop. Disposed in this way, and arranged downwards over the forehead, it was all but the very top of her head; to say nothing of the blue sash which floated down her back, or the long scones, which were worked by Miss Squeers herself. Over the [illegible] gauze scarf [illegible] worn over one shoulder and under the other, or any of those [illegible] of the numerous devices which were like so many arrows to the heart of Nicholas. She had scarcely completed these arrangements when entire satisfaction when she found

arrived with a white brown parcel - flat and
three-cornered
~~triangular~~ - containing sundry small adorn-
ments which were to be put on upstairs, and
which the friend put on, talking meeis-
santly. When miss Spicers had "done" the
friend's hair, the friend "did" miss Spicers's
hair, showing in some striking improvements
in the way of niglets down the neck. and
then, when they were both touched up to
their entire satisfaction, they went down
stairs in full state with the long gloves
on, all ready for company.

"Where's Polly, 'Tilda?" said miss Spicers

"Only gone home to clean himself" replied
the friend. "He will be here 2 the
time the tea's drawn."

"I do so palpitate" observed miss
Spicers.

"ah! I know what it is" replied
the friend. ~~confusedly~~

"I have not been used to it you know
'Tilda" said miss Spicers applying her hand to the left side
of her sash

"pray don't the letter of it dear"

rejoined the friend. While they were talking thus the hungry servant brought in the tea things, and soon afterwards somebody tapped at the room door.

"Oh! There he is" cried the Spaeers "oh 'Filda!"

"Hush" - said 'Filda "Hem! Say come in".

"Come in" cried the Spaeers family. and in walked Nicholas

"Good evening" - said that young gentleman all unconscious of his conquest "I understood from the Spaeers that -"

"oh yes, it's all right" interposed the Spaeers "Father don't like us, but you won't mind that I dare say" (this was said aside)

Nicholas opened his eyes rather at this, but he turned the matter off very coolly - not caring particularly about anything just then - and went through the ceremony of introduction to the miller's daughter with so much grace, that that young

lady was ~~absolutely~~ lost in admiration.

"We are only waiting for one more gentleman" - said Miss Squeers taking off the tea-pot lid and looking in to see how the tea was setting ~~it~~ on.

It was of equal moment to Nicholas whether they were waiting for one gentleman or twenty so he recried the intelligence with perfect unconcern, and busy in conversation and not seeing any especial reason why he should make himself agreeable, looked out of the window and sighed involuntarily.

as ~~for~~ luck would have it, Miss Squeers's friend was of a playful turn, and hearing Nicholas sigh she took it into her head to rally the lovers on their ~~love~~ Cowness of spirits.

"Dont sigh if it's caused by my brightness" said the "lady" "don't mind me a bit, for I'm ~~just~~ quite as bad. You may so on just as you would if you were alone." "Tilda" said Miss Squeers colouring

of the top row of curls "I am ashamed of
you!" and here the two friends burst into a
variety of giggles, and glanced from time to
time over the tops of their pocket handkerchiefs
at Nicholas who from a state of unmixed
astonishment gradually fell into one of
irrepressible laughter - occasioned partly by
the base ~~it~~ notion of his being in love
with two sisters, and partly by the
preposterous appearance and behaviour of
the two girls; which two causes of
merriment taken together ~~of~~ struck him as
being so keenly ridiculous that despite
his miserable condition he laughed 'till
he was thoroughly exhausted.
~~the tears rolled down his cheeks~~

"Well" Nicholas thought "I am here, and
for some reason or other expected to be amiable, it's of no use
looking like a goose. I may as well accom-
date myself to the company."

We blush to tell it, but his youthful
spirits and vivacity getting ~~the better~~ for a
time the better of his sad thoughts, he no
sooner formed this resolution than he saluted

the ladies to Miss Spears and the friend with
seat sallauntry, and drawing a chair to the ta-
table began to make himself more at home than
in all probability an usher ~~could be~~ ever
has ever done in his employer's house since
ushers were first invented.

The ladies were in the full delights
of this relaxed behaviour on the part of Mr.
Merkley when the expected swain arrived with
his hair very damp from recent washing; and
a clean shirt ~~on~~ whereof the collar might
have belonged to some giant ~~gentleman~~ amongst
men, forming, with a white waist-
coat of similar dimensions, the chief
ornament of his person.

"Mr Dolin" said Miss Matilda Dick
(that by the bye was the name of the miller's
daughter)

"Well" said John with a face that
on the collar could not conceal.

"Hey your pardon" interposed Miss
Spears hastening to do the honors "Mr Merkley -
Mr John Browdèr."

"Servant Sir" said John who was something
out of sorts at being thus introduced

rather above the due proportion than below it.

"Yours to command Sir" replied Nicholas, making fearful ravages on the bread and butter.

Mr Browdie was not a gentleman of great conversational powers so he grinned ~~again~~ twice more, and having now restored his customary mark of recognition on any person in company, grinned at nothing particular and helped himself to food.

"old woman awa', hant she?" said Mr Browdie with his mouth full.

This ~~Nicholas~~ Squeers nodded assent.

Mr Browdie gave a grin of special width as if he thought that really was something to laugh at, and went to work at the bread and butter with increased vigour. It was quite a sight to behold how he and Nicholas emptied the plate between them.

"I dessent wrant get bread and butther ev'ry night I expect mun" said Mr Browdie after he had sat staring at Nicholas a long time, over the empty plate. Nicholas lit his cap and coloured, but

affected not to hear the remark.

"Good" said Mr. Browdie laughing boisterously "they cleant put too much nitric 'em. He's nowt but skein and boans if you stop here long enuff, ho! ho! ho!"

"You are facetious Sir" said Nicholas scornfully.

"Na: I cleant know but" replied Mr Browdie "I'm soother nor'ther, 'cod he was a learn 'em, he was." The recollection of the last matter's manners seemed to afford Mr Browdie the most exquisite delight, for he laughed until he found it necessary to apply his coat-cuffs to his eyes

"I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen enough Mr Browdie to enable you to understand that your remarks are very offensive" said Nicholas in a towering passion "but if they are, have the goodness to —"

"If you say another word John" shrieked Mrs Nickleby

stopping her admirer's mouth as he was about to inter-
upt "only half a word, I'll never forgive
you or speak to you again."

"Well my lass, I dean't care aboot 'em"
said the corn factor restoring a hearty
kiss on Miss Matilda "Let 'em gang on,
let 'em gang on."

It now became Miss Squeers's turn to
intercede with Nicholas which she did with
many symptoms of alarm and horror; and
the effect of the double intercession was
that he and John Browdie shook hands
across the table with ~~[illegible]~~ much
gravity; and such was the imposing
nature of the ceremonial that Miss
Squeers was ~~[illegible]~~ overcome and shed tears.

"What's the matter fanny?" said Miss
Price.

"Nothing 'Silda" replied Miss Squeers
sobbing.

"Was there never was any danger" - said
Miss Price "was there Mr. Nickleby?"

"None at all" replied Nicholas. "Absurd."

"That's right" whispered Miss Price, "say something kind to her, and she'll soon come round. Here, I shall take and I go into the little kitchen and come back presently?"

"Not on any account" rejoined Nicholas quite alarmed at the proposition. "What on earth should you do that for?"

Looking quickly him aside, and speaking with some degree of contempt "You are a one to keep company!"

"What do you mean?" said Nicholas

~~coyishly~~ "I am not one to keep company at all — here at all events. I can't make this out."

"No, nor I neither" rejoined Miss Price "but men are always fickle, and always were, and always will be; that I can make out very easily."

"Fickle!" cried Nicholas "what do you suppose? You don't mean to say that you think —"

"oh no, I think nothing at all" retorted

Miss Price petulantly "Look at her, dressed so beautiful and looking so well — really almost handsome. I am ashamed at you!"

"My dear sis what have I got to do with her dressing beautiful or looking well?" enquired Nicholas

"Oh come; don't call me a dear girl" said Miss Price, striking a little blow, for she was pretty, and a coquette too in her small way, and Nicholas was good looking and she supposed him the property of somebody else which all reasons why she should be gratified ~~that~~ that she had made an impression on him "a Fanny will be saying it's my fault."

"What do you suppose Fanny has to do with me?" asked Nicholas wondering much how this delusion came about.

"Oh I know well enough" rejoined Miss Price "there's John looking black at our talking so long. Come; we're going where at last game at cards." Pronouncing these words aloud, she tripped away and rejoined the big Yorkshireman.

This was wholly unintelligible to Nicholas who had no other distinct impression on his mind at the moment, than that Miss Squeers was an ordinary Cooking Gill, and her friend Miss Snevellicci a pretty one, but he had not time to enlighten himself by reflection, for the hearth being by this time swept up and the candle snuffed they sat down to play, speculation.

"There are only four of us 'Tilda" said Miss Squeers looking shyly at Nicholas, "so we had better set partners two against two."

"What do you say Mr Lillyvick!" enquired Miss Snevellicci.

"With all the pleasure in life" replied Nicholas. and so saying, quite unconscious of his heinous offence, he analgamated with one common heap those portions of a Dotheboys Hall card of terms which represented his own counters and those allotted to his Dear respectively.

"Mr Browndie" said Miss Squeers hysterically "Shall we make a bank against

them?"

The Yorkshireman assented - apparently overwhelmed by the new notion of prudence - and Miss Spreers darted a spiteful look at her friend and sighed convulsively.

She deal felt to Nicholas, and he hastened "We must end to our evening" said he.

"Elda has won something she declare expect I think, haven't you dear?" said Miss Spreers maliciously

"only a dozen and eight or" replied Miss Dree affecting to take the question ~~literally~~ in a literal sense.

"How dull you are to-night" ~~he~~ sneered Miss Spreers.

"Indeed" replied Miss Dree "I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking you seemed out of sorts." ~~She~~

"Me!" cried Miss Spreers biting her lips and trembling with ~~her~~ jealousy "oh no!"

"That's well" remarked Miss Dree "for I think ~~you're~~ coming out of curl dear."

"Then mind me" returned Miss Squeers "you had better attend to your partner."

"Thank you for reminding her" said Nicholas "So she had."

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his clenched fist as if to keep his hand in till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon some of the features of some other gentleman. Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

"I never had such luck really" exclaimed the copperfaced Miss Squeers after another hand or two "It's all along of you I'm likely I think."

"I hope so" said Nicholas gallantly.

"are you always lucky?" enquired Miss Squeers

"at cards" replied Nicholas.

"dear me I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You'll have a bad wife though, if you always win at cards" said Miss Squeers.

"Not if your wish is satisfied" replied Nicholas "I am sure I shall have a good one in that case."

To see how this Squeers tossed her head and the corn factor flattened his nose while this conversation was carrying on! It would have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that; alone this Squeers's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas unconsciousness of making any body uncomfortable.

"We have all the talking to ourselves it seems" said Nicholas looking good-humouredly round the table as he took up the cards for a fresh deal.

"You do it so well" retired Miss Squeers "that it would be a pity to interrupt you. Don't it Mr Browdie? He! he! he!"

"Nay" said Nicholas "we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to:

"Will talk to you, you know, if you'll say anything" said Miss Snevellicci.

"Thank you" Silda dear" retorted Miss Queen majestically.

"Or you can talk to each other, if you don't choose to talk to us". said Miss Duell, calling her dear friend "John, why don't you say something?"

"Say summat!" repeated the Yorkshireman.

"Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum!"

"Well then!" said the Yorkshireman striking the table heavily with his fist "what I says this - Dang my boans and [redacted] I stan' this our Conyer. Do ye gang whoam wi' me; and do [redacted] for coight an' toight young [redacted] whipster cook sharp out for a brokken head ere time he cums under my [redacted] hond."

"Hear us what' all this!" cried Miss Duell in affected astonishment.

"Cum whoam tellee cum whoam" replied the Yorkshireman strongly. and as he delivered the reply Miss Queen burst into a

shoes of kard; arising in part from desperate
vexation, and in part from an impotent desire
to accurate somebody's countenance with her
fair ~~finger~~ finger-nails.

This state of things had been brought
about by divers means and workings. Miss Spaces
had brought it about by aspiring to the high
state and condition of living matrimonially
engaged without good grounds for so doing;
Miss Bruce had brought it about by
indulging in three motives of action, first
a desire to punish her friend for keeping
aloof to a ~~dignity to which~~ rivalship
in dignity having no good title, secondly
the gratification after our vanity in
receiving the compliments of a smart young man,
thirdly a wish to convince the com. factor
of the great danger he ran in ~~delaying~~ deferring
the celebration of their expected nuptials; while
Nicholas had brought it about by half
an hour's satisfy and thoughtlessness, and
a very sincere desire to avoid the imputa-
tion of ~~[illegible]~~ inclining at all

to this Speare. So that both the means
employed and the end produced were also the most
natural in the world; for young Ladies will
look forward to being married, and will be
to the altar and will
[illegible] of displaying their own
attractions to the best advantage
down to the very end of things as they have done
from its beginning.

"Why, and here's Fanny in tears now!"
exclaimed Miss Duck as if in fresh amaze-
ment "what can be the matter!"

"oh! You don't know Miss, of course
you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself
to enquire" said Miss Speers, producing that
change of countenance which children
call making a face.

"Well I'm sure" exclaimed Miss Duck.
"and who cares whether you are sure
or not Madam?" retorted Miss Speers making
another face. "You are monstrous polite Madam" said Miss Duck
"I shall not come to your Ball"
"I shall not come to your Ball
nor do Madam" retorted Miss Speers.

"You needn't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are naáin, Lovee," rejoined Miss Dacie, "because that's quite unnecessary."

~~Her~~ Miss Speers in reply turned very red and thanked God that she hadn't got the bold faces of some people, and Miss Dacie in rejoinder congratulated herself upon not being possessed of the bad motives & feelings of other people.

~~after which~~ Whereupon Miss Speers made some general remarks touching the dangers of associating with ~~a~~ persons in ~~entirely concealed~~ which Miss Dacie ~~had~~ was very much incensed, & she had thought so a long time

"Filda" exclaimed Miss Speers with dignity "I hate you."

"Ah! There's no love lost between us I assure you" said Miss Dacie ~~&~~ tying her bonnet strings with a jerk. "Filda

"I pity and despise you" - said Miss Speers. "You are beneath both of them" replied Miss Dacie.

"I haven't words to tell you what I think of you" - said Miss Speers.

"I'm very glad to hear it" rejoined the Fairy. "an ungrateful, ill-disposed, bad-minded, good for nothing creature—" said the Spirit.

"I'll call you, you get out when I'm found, you know you will"— returned the miller's daughter.

"I scorn your words, mistress" said the Spirit. "[illegible]"

"You pay me a great compliment when you say so" answered the miller's daughter curtseying very low "Wish you a very good night Madam, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep."

With this parting benediction the Fairy left the room followed by the huge Yorkshireman who exchanged with the highland at parting, that scowl with which, in the cut and thrust of melo-dramatic performances inform each other they will meet again.

87 [illegible] were no sooner gone than the Spirit fulfilled the prediction of his [illegible] friend by giving vent to a most copious burst of tears, and uttering various dismal lamentations and incoherent words. The whole

stood Cowering on for for a few second, doubtful what
to do, but [illegible] [illegible] uncertain whether he
sit moved and in his hurry entered or
scratched, and considering that either in
flict on would be equally agreeable, he
walked off very quietly while his Squeers
was mooning in her pocket handkerief.

[illegible] "This is our consequence" thought
Nicholas when he had scoped his way to the
dark sleeping room "of my cursed readiness
to adapt myself to any society into which I
[illegible] chance carries me. If I had
sat mute and motionless, as I might have
done, this would not have happened."

He [illegible] listened for a
few [illegible] minutes, but all was quiet.

"I was glad" he murmured "to grasp
at any relief from the [illegible] sight of
this dreadful place, or the presence of its vile
master. I have left these people by the ears and
made two new enemies, [illegible]; it is a fit punishment
for [illegible], even for an hour, what is
around me now."

So saying he [illegible] felt his way among the
throng of weary-hearted sleepers, and crept into his pos bed.

assaded another officer
(who is always the case) soon to arrive on such
cases) at that moment made his way through
the crowd and seized Oliver by the collar,
roughly exclaiming "Come, get up!" said the man shaking him.
"I wasn't the mischief sir - indeed indeed,
it was the other boys" said Oliver clasping
his hands passionately, and looking round
are here somewhere!"
"Oh no they ain't" said the officer. He
meant this bitterly ironical but it was true
besides, for the Dodger and Charley Bates had
filed off, down the first convenient court they
came to.
"Don't hurt him" said the old gentleman
compassionately.

a ferocious encounter. The neatest of men; a penknife always about his person, with which he cut his pencil to the finest and truest point. I always admired, even envied, his dexterity in that, foeman as he was (my own heavier and perhaps clumsy touch invariably broke off the lead at an early stage; I cut away too much). His calligraphy was perfect. There was a little manuscript volume, yclept A Judgment Book, or *his* Judgment Book, divided and subdivided and ruled with surprising neatness. In this a daily "finding" was set down for the several departments: for Greek, the grammar, Thucydides, &c.; for Latin, the grammar and Virgil; for syntax, prosody, &c. In French he was scarcely so strong. In this classical direction we got on tolerably; it was over Euclid and the mathematics that scenes really painful, sometimes indecent, took place. Sometimes after this formula: "So you have not written that fourteenth problem as I told you?" No answer, Mr. Blackstone sitting back in his chair, and a pink tone coming into his face. No answer. "You have not done your work?" No answer. "Eh?" Pause. Then, in a suddenly loud burst: "What's the meaning of all this, sir—this continued insolence? Ah! eh!"—starting up, and his fist trembling close to my face—"if I had you at a school, sir, I should flog you while I could stand over you. But *I'll* make you speak out, before I have done with you." Once, and once only, Mr. Blackstone so far forgot his restraint as to indulge himself with a sound box on my ear. It was on an occasion of great aggravation. But ordinarily he felt himself in the relation of the ecclesiastical tribunals, who, after dealing with any prisoner subject to this authority, would hand him over to the civil power for punishment. "Very well, sir," he would say; "I shall give you the worst mark in my power. You shall have the pleasure of presenting to your family, this evening, bad marks for every one of your tasks. Go on, sir; persevere in this course, and you will grow up a credit. Ah! ah! sir, what you want is a good caning twice a day. Don't dare to look at me in that way," added Mr. Blackstone, turning pale with rage.

Later in the day—in fact, a little before dinner—it was customary to summon the pupil "to bring your judgment book. And on rare days it was easy to know, by the flow of spirits and universal cheerfulness that reigned through the mansion, that "Sidney had nothing but good marks." As an acknowledgment, and at the same time an encouragement to renewed exertion, wine—two glasses even—was served to the winner of such honours. He was neither modest nor elated unduly, for he knew how pre-

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naming the Pilgrim of Love, ditty soon to be too appropriate to my situation, as my favourite performance. She was eager to hear it on the spot, but in presence of the crowd it was agreed it could not be done; but it was indistinctly arranged that at a more private interview it should certainly come off.

This flirtation, so conspicuous and even audacious, soon attracted notice, with many an "upon my word!" and "I declare, Miss Burkenshaw!" But I was embolded by my new born passion. She declared that she was quite proud of "her new beau," and would not give him up for any one. "What, not for Captain Bulstock?" it was asked. My brow darkened, who was Bulstock? a captain, too! I should like to have destroyed him, under fair conditions that would equalize our size and strength. She, however, relieved all apprehensions, by a charming toss of her head, no one could do that so exquisitely. "Oh, my dear, what nonsense! I shall quite give him up for Sidney." Alas! (again) at this time we take all these speeches as thought they were sworn solemnly on affidavit, light words and speeches. Suffice it to say that from that moment I assumed she was to be mine for ever. This divine creature brought with her a tremendous reputation from the provinces, "on the instrument." I mean, of course, the piano. She rarely condescended to play, but to hear her was to listen and die. The contorted Herz, the involved Moschelles, with his "Swiss air" and ten variations, that was the mode then, and Thalberg with his luscious embroidery and easy cantering up and down the instrument — then in high vogue — with their fire, and his wild unearthly crashes, [illegible] she was equally familiar. To see her nimble, not ungracefully nimble neither, rambling so easily up and down — but I grow incoherent. On this occasion she said she would go to the instru-

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Portion of an article by Percy Fitzgerald entitled "Autobiography of a Small Boy" which appeared in "All the Year Round", August 15th. & 22nd. 1868, with corrections in the handwriting of Dickens.

Presented by Mrs. Hargreaves.

The Bill of Fare

By Charles Dickens.

As the great rage just now is imitation
'Mong high born and low, throughout the whole nation,
I trust 'twill excuse the few following lines,
If which I'll say nothing, but that these poor rhymes,
As you might expect in these degenerate days
Like these, are entitled to no share of praise
Because they are novel,- the ground work at least.
Is a copy from Goldsmith's ever famed Feast.
"And a bad one it is too," you'll say I fear,
But let me entreat you, don't be too severe.—
If in a fair face, 'twill elicit a smile:—
If one single moment 'twill serve to beguile—
I shall think on it with great satisfaction,
Et cet'ra,— and so forth:— now then to action.—

Without further preface to waste the time in
We'll set to at once,— if you please we'll begin.
We'll say a small party to dinner are met
And the guests are themselves about to be eat

Without saying grace, (I vow I'm a sinner),
We'll endeavor to see what we're for dinner.
Mr Beadnell's a good fine Sirloin of beef
Though to see him cut up would cause no small grief.
And then Mrs Beadnell, I think I may name,
As being an excellent Rib of the same.
The Miss Ds are next, who it must be confessed,
Are two nice little Ducks, and very well dressed.
William Moule's of a Trifle, a trifling dish.
Mr Leigh we all know is a very great Fish.
Mrs Leigh a Curry, smart, hot and biting,
Although a dish that is always inviting.
For cooking our meat we utensils won't lack;
So Miss Leigh shall be called a fine roasting Jack
A thing of great use when we dine or we sup,
A patent one too, which never wants winding up.
Mr Moule's a bottle of excellent Pork:
Mrs Moule of Champagne,- good humor's her forte.
The Misses M's of Snipe are a brace if you please;
And Joe is a very fine flavored Dutch Cheese.
Mrs Lloyd and her Spouse are a nice side dish-
Some type of their most happy state I search with
To produce: let me see,- I've found out one soon)
Of honey, and sweets in the form of a Moon!

Arthur Beethand— this dish has cost me some pains—
Is a tongue with a well made garnish of brains.
M'Namara, I think must by the same rule
Be a dish of excellent Gooseberry- Fool.
And Charles Dickens, who in our Feast plays a part,
Is a young summer cabbage, without any heart.
Not that he's heartless, but because, as folks say,
He lost his a twelve month ago, from May to May.
Now let us suppose that the dinner is done
And the guests have rolled on the floor one by one.
I don't mean to say they're at the completion
Trying the famed City cure for repletion.
Nor do I by any means raise up the question
Whether they owe their deaths to indigestion.
We'll say they're all dead: it's a terrible sight
But I'll dry my tears, and their epitaphs write.

Here lies Mr Beadnell, beyond contradiction,
An excellent man, and a good politician;
His opinions were always sound and sincere
Come here, ye reformers, o'er him drop a tear
Come here, and with me wish at his hideous end,
Ye who're to ballot and freedom a friend.
Come here all of ye who to him ever listened,
Praise one rare quality— he was consistent.

And if any one can say so much for you,
Well try to write on you an epitaph too.
He was most hospitable, friendly and kind
An enemy, I'm sure, he's not left behind.
And if he be fairly, and all in all ta'en,
"We never shall look upon his like again."
Here lies Mrs Beadnell, whose conduct through life
As a mother, a woman, a friend, a wife
I shall think, while I pores recollection
Can best be summ'd up in one Word—Perfection.
Her faults I'd tell you beyond any doubt,
But for this plain reason,—I ne'er found them out:
Her character from my own knowledge I tell,
For when living she was, I then knew her well.
It chances to be been by the fates brought about,
That she was the means of first bringing me out.
All my thanks for that and her kindness since then
I'd vainly endeavor to tell with my pen:
I think what I say—I feel it, thats better,
Or I'd scorn to write of these lines one letter.
Excuse me, dear reader, for pause now I must
Here two charming sisters lie low in the dust
But why should I pause? do they want my poor aid
To tell of their virtues while with us they stayed.

And if any one can say so much for you,
We'll try to write on you an epitaph too.
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To tell of their virtues while with us they stayed.

Can a few words from me add a hundreth part
To the regret felt for them in every heart?
No! No! 'tis impopible, still I must try,
To speak of them here, for I can't pass them by.
And first then for Anne I'll my banner unfurl—
A truly delightful, and sweet tempered girl,
And what's very odd, and will add to her fame,
Is this one plain fact— she was always the same.
She was witty, clever,— you liked what she said;
Without being blue, she was very well read.
Her favorite Authors, or else 'tis a fibber;
And have been deceived, was the famed Colley Cibber
I dont think dear reader 'twill interest you,
But still if you please keep that quite entre nous
I grow tedious, so of her I'll not dim more,—
Oh!— she sometimes draped her hair a la chemoise
Ladies if you want this fashion to follow
And dont know where you the pattern can borrow
Don't look in "the fashions" among bows & wreathings
You'll find it on any antique China tea things.
But who have we here! alas what sight is this!
Has her spirit flowed back to regions of bliss?
Has Maria left this world of trouble and care
Because for us she was too good and too fair.
Has Heaven in its jealousy ta'en her away
As a blessing to great for us children of clay.

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All ye fair and beautiful sadly come here,
And Spring's early flowers, strew over her bier
Fit emblems are they of life's short fleeting day
Fit tributes are they to her mem'ry to pay;
For though blooming now they will soon be decayed
They blossom one moment then wither and fade.
I linger here now; and I hardly know why
I've no wish, nor hope now but this one – to die
My bright hopes and fond wishes were all centered here
Their brightness has vanished, they're now dark and drear.
The impression that mem'ry engraves on my heart
Is all I have left, and with that I'll part.
I might tell you much, and I say it with a sigh
Of the grace of her form, and the glance of her eye
I might tell of happy days now pass'd away
Which I fondly hoped them would never decay
But 'twere useless – I should only those times deplore
I know that again I can see them no more.
But what's this small form that she folds to her breast
As if it had only laid down there to rest?
Poor thing is it living? oh no it's dead quite
It is a small dog liver-colored and white,
Dear me now I see – 'tis the little dog that,
Would eat mutton chops, if you cut off the fat.
So very happy was its situation
An object it was of such admiration

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That I'd resign all my natural graces,
Few now, if I could with "Daphne" change places.
William Moule next alas with the dead lieth here,
And his loss we shall never recover I fear.
No more shall the young men, among whom am I,
Regard with great envy his elegant tie.
No more shall the girls, with anxiety, wait
At a party, and mourn that he came in late.
Though it was not his fault, it must be confessed
We knew very well that he lived "in the west."*
And men of great fashion now never go out,
'Till long after twelve when engaged to a rout
No more shall he waltz an hour with one lady
To the delight of his tit'ress, Miss A. B.
Who no more shall turn to me, and whispering low,
Say, "does'nt he waltz well," I tought hims you know"
No more shall he curse all the City Folks' Balls
And vow that he never will honor their Halls
No more from the "London", will he be turned back
Because of his wearing a kerchief of black
No more when we sit round the bloths supper table,
Shall he hunch to silence the prattling babel
By - when a lady, a speech made upon her,
Rising to return us her thanks for the honor.

---

*
N. B. The purlieus of Tottenham Court Road !!!

No more - but I think I'll use that phrase no more
I feel that I can't this loss enough deplore.
Mourns and Bacchus both be merry no more
Your friend Mr Leigh lies dead on the floor.
Weep both of ye, each hide your sorrowful head,
For he isn't dead drunk, but he's really dead.
We shall never again see his good humored face
We shall never again admire the grace
With which he would drink off his bottle of wine
Or with which he'd ask you next sunday to dine
We shall never again laugh aloud at his fun
We shall never in turn amuse him with a pun.
In his Will I hope as a legacy that
He's left me that elegant, pretty drab hat,
The shape, make, and color of which were so rare;
And which on all extra occasions he'd wear.
I really do his loss most deeply regret,
As the kindest, best tempered man, I e'er met.
I'm as hale and as hearty as any man here
So I'll help to carry him to his new bier
Mrs Leigh's life, alas, has come to an end:
But I cant speak of her, I fear to offend.
I don't think the truth need her feelings much gall,
But if I can't tell it, I wont write at all.

If there not for the lesson that I've been taught
I'd have painted her as in justice I ought.
I'd say she was friendly, good hearted, and kind
Her wit I'd have praised and intelligent mind
Bout scandal, or spreading reports without heed,
Of Course I'd say nothing, how could I indeed?
Because if I did I should certainly lie,
And my remarks here, doubtless, would not apply
So as I fear either to praise or to blame,
I write not her faults, or her virtues here name.
And Mary Anne Leighs' death I much regret too,
Though the greatest tormentor, that I e'er knew.
Whenever she met you at morn, noon, or night,
To tease and torment you was her chief delight
To each glance or smile, she'd a meaning apply
On every flirtation she kept a sharp eye,
Though, tender feelings I trust I'm not hunting,—
She ne'er herself much objected to flirting.*
She to each little secret always held the candle,
And— I think she liked a small bit of scandal.
I think too that she used to dress hair well,
Although Arthur said—but that tale I wont tell.
In short though she was so terribly teasing
So pretty she looked, her ways were so pleasing

* A singular fact!

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That when she had finished I used to remain,
Half fearing, half hoping, he teased again.
Here lies Mr. Moule, at whose plentiful board
We often have sat, and where with one accord
Mirth, pleasure, good humour, and capital wine
Seemed always to meet, when one went there to dine.
To his friends he was always good humoured and kind
And a much better host 'twould be hard to find.
If he for an instant his good humour miss'd
I've heard it would be at a rubber of whist.
At least, I've sometimes heard his partners say so:
Though of course I myself this fact cannot know.
His hospitality deserved great credit
Indeed I much wish all men did inherit
That merit from him; I'm sure it is needed,
That some should prize it as highly as he did.
I think his opinions were not always quite
So kind, or so just as they should be of right.
However that question I'll not travel through.
'Twould not, I think, become me to do.
Some others in this point like him we may see.
So I will say requiescat in pace.
Mrs Moule, alas, lieth here with the dead
Her good temper vanish'd her light spirits fled

I'd say much of her, but all knew her too well,
To leave any thing new for me here to tell.
So I'll only say – in three speaking of her
I'm sure all she e'er knew will to concur
If kindness and temper as virtues are held
She never by any one yet was excelled.
Louisa Moule's next – I can't better call her
Than the same pattern, – N.B. a size smaller.
Next lies Fanny Moule, of whom't may be said
That romance or sentiment quite turned her head
Her chief pleasure was, but I cannot tell why,
To sit by herself, in a corner and sigh.
You might talk for an hour to her thinking she heard,
And find out at last she had not heard a word.
She'd start, turn her head, – the case was a hard one –
And say with a sigh "dear! I beg your pardon"
Whether this arose from love, doubt, hesitation,
Or whether, indeed, 'twas all affectation
I will not by my own decision abide;
I'll leave it to others the point to decide
Thus much though, I will say, I think it is droll
That one who so pleasing might be on the whole,
Should take so much trouble – it must be a toil –
All her charms and graces entirely to spoil.

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Here lies honest Joe, and I'm sure when I say
That he'd a good heart there's no one will say nay.
The theories of all others on which he would doat
Were splendid gold laced, and a flaming red coat
His mind always ran on battles and slaughter
Guards, Bands, Kettle Drums, and splendid head quarters
I've heard that the best bate to catch a young girl
Is a red coat, and a mustachio's curl
Bait your hook but with this, and Joe would soon bite
Hint at it, he'd talk ~~of it~~ on from morning to night
In portraits of Soldiers he spent all his hoard
You talked of a Penknife- he thought of a Sword.
Inspecting accounts he ne'er could get through,
His mind would revert to some former review
He ne'er made a bill out, smaller, or larger,
But he thought he was then mounting his charger
He ne'er to the Counting House trudged in a heat
But he thought of forced marches and a retreat
And ne'er from the play to his home went again
But trembling he thought of the roll call at Jew
But fallen at last is this gay young deceiver
A prey to death and a bad scarlet fever
Here lies Mrs Lloyd I am sorry to say
That she too from us is so soon snatched away
That her fate is most hard it can't be denied,
When we think how recently she was a bride

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That she became one is no source of surprise
For if all that's charming in critical eyes
Is likely to finish a duce single life,
I'm sure she ought t've been long since a wife
Though we lament one so pleasing and witty,
And though her death we may think a great pitty
I really myself do quite envy her fate.
And I wish when with death I've my tête a tête,
He'd do me the favor to take me away
When my prospect here, were bright blooming and gay
When I'm quite happy, ere with sorrows jaded,
I wish for my grave, when my hopes are faded.
When I might be certain of leaving behind
Those who vowed ne'er cease to bear me in mind
She's gone and who shall now those sweet ballads sing
Which still in my ears so delightfully ring
"We met" "Friends depart" I those sweet sounds retain,
And feel I shall never forget them again.
And down here Mr Lloyds remains lie beside
Those of his so recently blooming young bride
I'm sorry he's dead, for I knew him to be,
Good humored, most honest, kind hearted & free
That he was consistent I ne'er had a doubt
Although scandal said 'twas whispered about
That when he last Summer from Paris came home
(I think 'twas his marriage induced him to roam)

He his principles changed - so runs the story,
Threw off the Whigs, and became a staunch Tory
But be that as it may, I think its but fair
To say that I know he enjoyed the fresh air.
And is Arthur Beethan for the first time hushed
And has he returned to his original dust
Has he gone the way of all flesh with the rest
In spite of the great care he took of his chest *
At our snug coteries will he never make one
Will he never again gladden us with his fun
Poor fellow! I fear soon he laid in the Earth
That of our amusements will all find a dearth
And, yet he'd his faults, - to speak without joking
He had a knack of being very provoking.
So much so that several times t'other day
I devoutly, heartily wished him away
But after I'd done so, my conscience me smote
And here perhaps, a couple of lines, I may quote,
Missing his mirth and agreeable vein
I directly wished We had him back again
And does McNamara with the dead recline
Poor Francis, his waistcoats were wond'rously fine
He certainly was an elegant fellow
His Coats were well made, his gloves a bright yellow,

* The reason assigned by Mr. A B for constantly wearing his Coat buttoned up to his Chin was his extreme anxiety to preserve his Chest from cold

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Florists shall hold up his Pall by the corners
Morgan* and Watkins† shall be his chief mourners
Last here's Charles Dickens, who's now gone for ever
It's clear that he thought himself very clever.
To all his friends faults;- it almost makes me weep
He was wide awake- to his own fast asleep!
Though blame he deserved for such wilful blindness
He had one merit,- he ne'er forgot kindness.
Perhaps I dont do right to calc that a merit
Which to each human Creature's bound to inherit
But when old death claimed the debt that he owed him,
He felt most grateful for all that was showed him
His faults, and they were not in number few,
To all his acquaintance extremely well knew,
Emanated- to speak of him in good part,
I think rather more from the head, than the heart.
His death was'nt sudden; he had long been ill,
Slowly he languished, and got worse, until
No mortal means could- the poor young fellow save
And a sweet pair of eyes sent him home to his grave.

Finis

---

* a celebrated glover
† a celebrated Tailor.

Preface

I make no bold assertion that the faculty (or the habit) of correct observing the characters of men, is a rare one. I have not even formed, within myself, that the faculty (or the habit) of correct observing so much as the faces of men, is a general one) any reason. The two commonest mistakes in judgment that I suppose to arise from the former defect, are, the confounding of shyness with arrogance — a very common mistake indeed — and the not understanding that an obstinate attitude is often a perfect struggle with itself.

Mr Dombey undergoes no violent change, either in this book, or in real life. A sense of his importance is within him all along. The more he exercises it, the more it must be necessarily so. Such a shame or external circumstances may bring the comforter to a close in a week, or a day; but it has been a conflict for years, and is only fought out after a long balance of victory upon this side and that.

I began this book at the Lake of Geneva, and went on with it for some months in France, before finishing it in England. The association between the writing and the place of writing is so close in my mind that at this day, although Mr Dombey's hair in the title-page and cocked hat in the chapter in which Florence was married, or the very young gentleman's bedstead in Doctor Blimber's establishment, get confused, irrigné Captain Cuttle, as seated on the terrace at Genoa, or Miss Tox's lamp, as reminded by any chance of what it was that the waiter there always saying. I wonder in my fancy, for a whole night, whether a long street of Paris — as I restlessly did — all a-bed, or all a-light, on the night when I had written the chapter in which my little friend and I parted company.

Original M.S. for Preface to Dombey & Son
"Charles Dickens" Edition, 1867.

R.L.M.

ORIGINAL PREFACE TO DOMBEY AND SON

Dampier

The Schoolboy's Story.

— — —

Being rather young at present – I am sitting on a stile in years, but I am rather young – I have no particular adventures of my own to relate full back upon. I cannot recollect I cannot interest anybody here I daresay, when what a ridiculous screw the Reverend is, & what a stiff 'un he is, & how they do stick it with parents – particularly hair-cutting and medical attendance. One of our fellows was charged in his father's bill twelve and six pence for two visits – six and threepence apiece it was, and he never saw them, but I observed a pair of pantaloons. just then as the seam of his right pair as well as the left one was ripped.

As for beef, it is shameful. Regular beef is not beef. Regular beef isn't veins. Regular beef, mostly suet, bones, gristle, & fat. Regular beef, & you never see a drop of ours. Another of our fellows vowed he heard the family doctor tell his father that the beer was the beer. and well it might be!

However, beef and old cheeseman are two different things. So is beer. It was old cheeseman I meant while about; not the manner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit.

Why look at the pie-crust alone. There is no flakiness in it. It's like leather. Then our fellows get nightmares, and are ordered for exercise out and taking other fellows. Who can wonder!

The old cheeseman one night walked in his sleep, put on his hat, got hold of a fishing-rod and a cricket bat, and went down into the parlour where the boarders were at supper. From his appearance he was a ghost. Why, he never would have done that, if his meals had been wholesome. When we all begin to walk in our sleep, I suppose they'll be sorry for it.

Old cheeseman wasn't second cousin to Macbeth, he was a fellow

himself. He was first very small, in a postchaise, with a woman who was always shaking him — and that was taking snuff and the most remembered about it. He never went home for the holidays (the reason why was, his step-father refused to pay for it) but stopped at a Bank and the Bank paid them, and he had a grey suit of mourning twice a year, and sent into boots at twelve. They were always too big for him.

In the midsummer holidays some of our fellows who lived within walking distance used to come back and climb the trees outside the playground wall, on purpose to look at old cheeseman reading there by himself. He was always as much as the rest of us could do to keep from calling out — and that's what I should have done! — so when they whistled when he looked up and nodded, and when they said "Hallo old cheeseman, what have you had for dinner?" he said "Boiled mutton," and when they said "ain't it solitary old cheeseman?" he said "it is a little dull sometimes," and then they said "well, good by old cheeseman!" and climbed down again. Of course it was missing on old cheeseman to give him nothing but boiled mutton through a whole vacation, but that was just like the system. When they gave him rice pudding for dessert, and saved the butcher. pleading treacle tart

So old cheeseman went on. The holidays brought him with other temptations besides the loneliness; because when the fellows began to come back, he was always glad to see them, not wanting to, which was aggravating when the were not at all glad to see him, and he got his head knocked against walls, but he was and that was the reason his nose bled. By once, a favorite in general, a subscription was raised for him, and he was presented before the holidays, with two white mice, a rabbit, a pigeon, and a beautiful kitten. Half up his spirits soon afterwards old cheeseman cried a great deal more than it was worth, especially when they all ate one another. [Of course old cheeseman called the names of all sorts of cheeses — Double Gloucesterman, and Cheshireman, and Dutchman, and Northwiltshireman, and Single all that. But he never minded it. He was old in point of days — because he wasn't — I don't mean why they called him from the first. old cheeseman.

At last old cheeseman was made Second Latin master. Nicholas brought him in one morning

at the beginning of a new half in that or past
and presented to the school as "Mr Cheeseman." Then our fellows
alleged that
old Old Cheeseman was a spy, and a deserter, who had sold
himself to the enemy's camp, and sold himself for gold. It was
very little
his own fault that he had not sold himself for more gold
and his own life for less - his foundation quality as a traitor was
the reputation. It was decided by a parliament which
sat about it, that old Cheeseman's mercenary motives could
alone be taken into account, and that he had committed one blood for shaelmas.
the opening of the
Affair which the Parliament took out of the general scene
between Brutus and Cassius.

When it was settled in this
strong way that old Cheeseman was a tremendous traitor,
who had crowned
himself with our fellows' secrets on purpose to get himself into favour by
anything
giving up the
knew, all our companions fellows were invited to come forward
and curse themselves in a
Society for making a set against him. The President of the
Society was to first Mr - named Bob Tarler, whose father
pronounced that his father
had been in the West Indies, and was worth millions. He
had great power among our fellows, and he wrote a fine Ironical
beginning.

Who made believe he so meek
That we could hardly hear him speak,
Yet turned out an Informing Sneak?

Old Cheeseman

- and on through the rest of the verses, which he urged to sing, every
in that way.
morning, close by the new missing Cheeseman's desk. He got trained
one of the little fellows to do it, a very cheerful little
Brass who didn't care what he did, to go up with his Latin Grammar one
morning, and say it to Nominativus Pronominum, old Cheeseman, very
seriously, was never disposed, this distinction, of being an
informer, and emphasis gratia until he found one. Yet,
for instance, Vos damnaski, when he sold the boys. Quasi, as though
client, he should say, Pretexta rems, I'm a Judas! (!) All
this undoubtedly produced a great effect on old Cheeseman. He had never had much
hair, but what he had, began to get thinner and

the [illegible] day [illegible] a piece of [illegible] candle and [illegible] his desk with his hands before his face, and crying. But no member of the Society cared [illegible] him one if he felt disinclined, because the President said it was old Cheesman's conscience.

So old Cheesman went on, and a miserable life [illegible]! Of course the Reverend Cosgrove [illegible] him, and of course she did [illegible] — because she always does that, at all the masters — but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them [illegible]. He never told about it that the Society found out; lest he got no credit for that, because the President said it was old Cheesman's conscience.

He had one friend in the world, and that one was almost as helpless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of wardrobe-woman to our fellows, and took care of the boys. She had come as a [illegible] of apprentice — some of our fellows say from a charity, but I don't know — and after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year. So little a year perhaps [illegible]. I don't know, for it was far more likely [illegible]. However, she had [illegible] in the Savings Bank and she was a very [illegible] young woman. She was not quite [illegible] pretty, [illegible] but she had a very frank, honest, bright face, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was [illegible] and cheerful, and [illegible] and Kinch. If anything was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and told the [illegible] to Jane.

Jane was old Cheesman's friend. The more the Society went against old Cheesman, the more Jane stood by him. She used to give him [illegible] look out of her still-room window sometimes, that [illegible] for the day. She used to pass out of the pantry and the kitchen garden (always kept locked, I believe) into the playground, where she might have seen the boys, if she had been so minded, but in the other way, to give a [illegible] to old Cheesman. This piece of news was so [illegible] it was well known [illegible] when he was at his desk; and when a dumpling or [illegible] smoking hot was on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation that she had sent it up.

Under these circumstances the Society resolved, after a great deal of meeting and debating, that Jane was shamed to request to cut-

himself.

Old cheeseman dead; and that if she refused, she must be sent to Coventry. So a deputation, headed by the President, was appointed to wait on Jane and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story about her having once waylaid the Reverend in his own study and got a fellow off from some punishment, by her own kind comfortable heart: so the deputation didn't much like it. However they went up, and the President told Jane all about it. Upon which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, informed the President and the Deputation that they were a pack of malicious young savages, and turned the whole respected body out of the room. Consequently it was entered in the Society's book (kept in astronomical cypher for fear of detection) that all communication with Jane was interdicted. and the President addressed the members on this circumstance of old cheeseman's undermining.

But Jane was as true to old cheeseman as old cheeseman was false to our fellows - in their opinion at all events - and steadily continued with his old friend. It was a great support to the Society because Jane was as good a cross between as she was a saint between, and being more constantly against him than ever they treated him worse than ever. At last, one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into and found vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that old cheeseman was gone for ever and had shunned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters at breakfast, and the evident fact that old cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to be transported for life or hanging, and the President's face shewed a great anxiety for the honour of Science. However, he said that a jury of their country should find him guilty, and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say whether they was British subjects or not. Several of the Informers and boys thought they would do it themselves. Some of the Society considered he had better run away until he found a forest where he might change clothes with or work on the roads and strain his face with hawthorn berries; but the majority believed that if he stood his ground, his father, who was gone to the West Indies and worth millions, would be called to account for being

Cage buy him off.

all our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman or a Field Marshal of himself with the ruler, as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that old Cheeseman: our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, he called him — O yes! much of that! — old Cheeseman was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died herself, and whose unfortunate baby (old Cheeseman) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who never consented to see it, baby, boy, or man; which grandfather was now dead and served him right — thus by putting in — and which grandfather's property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and for ever, old Cheeseman's! Our so long respected friend and fellow pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, the Reverend went on gathering, gesticulating, saying, if he would come among us once more that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself in a very pertinacious manner. With those words he left us all round at our fellows and went solemnly out.

There was great consternation in the camp. All the members of the Society were now full of it. Lots of them wanted to resign as they made out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up, and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body — which was meant to settle the matter — and it was decided by a majority but dissident. The President further said he would consider the position in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the subject on account of his father's being in the West Indies. After a few days of hard thinking and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows by them, and so made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first wrong was to impeach the Society and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the

and gloating over the cries which agony wrung from them,
horrible of his enemies. The Reverend Jabez Dawkins, as he
probability was that he timed into the Reverend into a private room -
by the palace parlor into which Parents were shown, where
the two great globes were which were never used — and vowed there
upbraid him with the frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands.
At the close of which his ruminations he would make a
signal to a Serjeant Surfighter concealed in the passage, who would then
appear and pitch into the Reverend while he was [illegible] old Cheeseman
[illegible] left insensible. He vowed there
would make sane a present of from first to last [illegible] and urged
[illegible] the establishment in perfect triumph. [The President explained that
part, or the same part of these arrangements as he had nothing to
do with, but as the part of the Serjeant he consulted deadly resistance, with
this view he recommended that [illegible] should
stones be filled with stones, and that [illegible] the
complaint [illegible] fellow [illegible] at Old
Cheeseman. The Old Cheeseman put the Serjeant in better spirits,
and was enormous [illegible]. a post about [illegible]
of Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and the fellows
practised at it [illegible] it was dented [illegible].

When the day came, and Places were called, very
fellows sat down in a [illegible] parlour. There had been a
deal of discussing and disputing as where Old Cheeseman would
come; but it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort
of a triumphal car, with two [illegible] horses,
and the Serjeant in disguise up behind. So all our fellows sat
listening for the sound of wheels. But no wheels were heard, for
Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came with the school without
any preparation. Puff much as he used to, and dressed in black.

"Gentlemen," said the Reverend, "our so long respected friend and
fellow pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, is desirous to
offer a word or two. Attend, gentlemen one and all!"

The fellow put his hand into his desk and looked at the
President. The President was all ready, and taking aim at Old
Cheeseman with his eyes.

What did Old Cheeseman then, but walk straight up this

Well, look round him with a queer smile and as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin in a trembling mild voice, "My dear companions and old friends"!

My fellin's hand came out of his desk. and the old Cheeseman began to cry.

"My dear companions and old friends," said old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof - my entire life so far, I may say - that I do hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without your sympathy and congratulations with me. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, I pray my dear boys let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I assure you return it. I want in the fulness of my grateful heart to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, dear boys."

Then the President began to cry, several other fellows had spoken out here and there; but now, when old Cheeseman put up his fist to his eyes, and his left hand gave him his right; and when the President said "Indeed I don't deserve it sir; I don't deserve it"; there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, in the same way; but old Cheeseman not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with my master - the Reverend Last.

There was a snivelling little chap in a corner who was always under some punishment or other, who set up a shrill cry of "Success to old Cheeseman! Hurrah!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said "Mr Cheeseman Sir." But old Cheeseman insisting that he liked his old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry; and for I don't know how many minutes there was such a thundering of feet and hats and hurrahing of Old Cheeseman, as never was heard.

After that there was a spread in the dining room of the most magnificent kind. Rolls, loaves of bread, confectionaries, jellies, mousses, barley-sugar temples, crackers, Catawill Mountain pocket-knives - all at old Cheeseman's expence. After that, speeches, and whole bottles of all manners of things for all manners of games. Every boy had a donkey and rubber, donkeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner

for all the masters at the Seven Bells (I myself found a head over fellows estimated it at) our annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on old cheeseman's birthday - Revered loved down especially the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out - all at old cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows cheer inside the Seven Bells? Oh no! (Don't look at the register, for there's your yet. godgum in a body and

But there is something else besides. Next day it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone Rough! "What? Gone for ever?" said our fellows, with long faces. "Yes, gone for ever" was all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say anything more. at length the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether Jane was really gone? The Reverend (our old friend the lady's maid at home) clapped his turn-up nose, and reddened, replied serenely, "yes sir, Miss Pitt is gone." The idea of calling Jane, Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking more from old cheeseman; others said she had left with old cheeseman's consent, at a rise of ten pound a year. However all our fellows knew was, she was gone.

It was two or three months afterwards, when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket field, first outside towards, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time and stood up to see it played. Nobody thought much about them until the same little smirking chap came again from the top where all rates, he was sent, and said "It's Jane!" Both elevens left off directly and ran crowding round the carriage. It was Jane in such a bonnet! And if you'll believe me, Jane had married old cheeseman.

It soon became quite a regular thing when our fellows were at it in the playground, to see a carriage at the low part of the wall where it joins the high part, and a lady and gentleman standing up in it looking over. The gentleman was always old cheeseman and the lady was always Jane.

The first time I ever saw them, I saw them in church. There had been a good many changes among our fellows then, and it had turned out that Bob Tarlet's father was worth millions.

Bob had gone for a soldier, and old cheeseman had purchased his discharge. But that's not the carriage. The carriage stopped, and all our fellows stopped as soon as [illegible] "[illegible] you never sent me a county affair at all!" said the lady laughing, as our fellows swarmed up the wall to shake hands with her. "All right, sir! Here we are, sir! Here, here!" on all sides. I didn't understand what she meant then, but of course I do now.

I was very much pleased with her face though, and with her good nature, and with her self-possession at her strange reception — and I was glad when all our fellows clustered round her too — with all our fellows clustering so joyful about them.

The poor people noticed me as a new boy, so I stepped up the wall too, and shook hands with the rest as they did. I was quite as glad to see them as the rest were, and was quite as familiar with them in a moment.

"Only a fortnight now," said old cheeseman, "to the holidays. Who stops? anybody?"

A good many boys put up their hands, and a good many voices cried "He does!" For it was the year when you were all away; and rather low I was at times, I can tell you.

"[illegible] old cheeseman. "But there's the holiday time. Has a letter come to us."

So I went with their delighted boys, and was as happy as I could possibly be. They understand how to conduct themselves towards boys, they do. When they take a boy to play, for instance, they do take him. They don't go in after it's begun or come out before its over. They know how to enjoy a boy up, too. Look at their own! Though he is very little as yet, what a capital boy he is! Why, my favourite friend old cheeseman and Old cheeseman, is young cheeseman.

So, now I have told you all I know, and it's not much after all, I am afraid. Is it?

Our Commission.

The recent disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs for which the public are indebted to the vigor and spirit of our contemporary The Lancet, inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to enquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the county at large should possess in a genuine state. We considered that every class of the general public was included in this Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, determinations, and experiments were made by Dr Bell the accomplished practical chemist, Mr Bell.

The first subject of enquiry was that article of universal consumption in some form or other, familiarly known in England as "Government." Mr Bell produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of last in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark upon the Commission made on this sample by Mr Bell astounded us, was, that it was of extreme dearness. There could be little doubt that the genuine article was not to be obtained for love or money. We found that the purer article was furnished to the public at a cost of about fifty per cent less

when the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In
quality, the specimen
was of an excellent excelling sort and low description; being
deficient in flavor, aroma, character, cleanness,
brightness, and almost every other requisite. The
specimen in bulk had the appearance of It was
what would be called in popular terms
and flat. Mr Ball spitted out the specimen, which
floating on
The top of this sample, which he considered had no business there. It
might be swallowed in a draught of
harmless enough if taken after a public dinner, or
in the course of a debating society
a comic song; but in its present
condition, it was dangerous. It had not misused
with keeping. It had come into use
a ready means of making profit, but profit was
exactly what might be found in the top of this
article, or indeed in any part of it. The
sample was before the Commissioner was frightfully
with impenetrable impurities of
adulterated & the common weed called
Talk. Talk in such adulteration was a rank poison. He
had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from
this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, such
as deposits of gold, silver, or copper: but that species of
corruption which on the proper tests being applied
turned out white into black, and black
into white, and like engendered
countless quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the
of the sample, and found it not only

mark. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Noodledom. There was nothing
in the animal, vegetable, & mineral kingdoms so incompatible
with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was
producible at most unfortunate cost. Transplant anything
from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and
conditions it was not fit for, and immediately it
had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained
in this baleful poison, were incalculable; Noodledom
was insidious and constantly engendering Noodledom
until the very available midst of
space was over-run by it. The history of the
administration of the drug before the Commissioners, he
considered like this. They traced in that drug
which each was one share on hand in beginning
business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was of course
cheap, and commensurately abundant. He
immediately mixed the drug with the poison. This
diluted poison he supplied dealers with. Noodledom
was the peculiarity of the Public-office trade that the
dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having
successors. A new dealer came into possession of the
already adulterated stock, and he in his turn infused into it
a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store.
Then came, on his retirement, another dealer who did the same;
then, on his retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on thus many
of the samples before the Commission contained nothing but
the spirit of Noodledom - enough to paralyze the whole county.
In short, the question whether the useful properties of the drug

Hargrave
before the Commissioners were not of meaning
impaired by these malpractices. Mr Bull replied that all
the samples were adulterated, and that not half of them were
good for nothing. To the question how he would regulate a state of
things if myself duly appointed, Mr Bull replied
he would take the
case of the plaid pack of the Rational Dictionary
of the hands of necessary dealers
altogether. [Mr Bull then exhibited
of Lawn-sleeves, at the various
establishments that had been procured to be visited and
stores, but which evidently soiled, and
composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one
hair, skeins of printer's-ink of a very
foul and unsavoury kind. Also a
coarse intervening which on examination
clearly proved to be composed of
Mount the aid of the microscope, the files of the
Old Bailey attorney-in. A third pair
of these sleeves though sold
as white were really nothing but
the ordinary
harmless fathers, which checked on-
as Mr Bull silenced himself holding them up to
the light. He represented this branch of industry as
overstocked and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table several
samples of British Peasant, which Mr Bull
expressed himself as perfectly satisfied to show the
attention of the Commissioners, with the plain
description of his colour and
quality. He remarked that at first sight
sight to him he would not engage with the general

[illegible] perfect [illegible] healthy
[illegible] or otherwise, of any of the samples
[illegible] produced. He would not ask whether this specimen or that
specimen might not have been stronger, [illegible] Caesar letter folded by the
[illegible] and [illegible] able to last [illegible] days; [illegible]
wear and tear [illegible] [illegible]
the [illegible] were [illegible] with a stick
[illegible] more of the [illegible] care and attention
[illegible] bestowed upon the vegetable world around
[illegible] it. But the samples before the Commissioners had been
obtained from every county in England, and, though [illegible]
brought from all parts of the kingdom, were alike [illegible] deferential
in the ability to defend their country [illegible]
[illegible] handling a gun or a sword, or [illegible] uniting in any
[illegible] mode of action, [illegible] as a [illegible] disciplined
[illegible] body. It was said [illegible] in a work that
[illegible] the English were not a
military people; and [illegible] that they made [illegible] on the
[illegible] testimony of their friends and enemies, the best
soldiers [illegible] in the world. He hoped that in times of war
and common danger [illegible] he might [illegible] take the
[illegible] letting their ambition with the retort of common sense, consuming the
[illegible] of [illegible] numbers, [illegible]
and producing the [illegible] Truth — at any rate he would,
whether it was [illegible] Now, he begged to inform the Commissioners
in the samples before them and [illegible] the results of others,
that he had carefully analysed and tested the British
peasant, and [illegible] had found him [illegible] holding combinations
[illegible] of just the same [illegible] qualities [illegible] that he always had
possessed. [illegible] analysing and testing, however, as
a part of the enquiry, [illegible] certain other matters must
[illegible] [illegible] be separated from it. He (Mr Bell)
had found [illegible] the peasant [illegible] said [illegible] who had been [illegible] some time
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as disarmed [illegible]
[illegible] Gentlemen who were [illegible] jealous of their game, and
[illegible] [illegible] administrations [illegible] laws of [illegible]

and subornors of false witness who were jealous of their
power. "If you wish to restore these samples"
said Mr Bull, "to their respectable quality
in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you,
be a little more patriotic and a little less timorous sceptics;
trust your peasant a little more; mistrust him a little
less; a freeman's hand is not a good
child's mouth; and
you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with
pressgang rifles, and may save the charges
of any foreign legion."

Having withdrawn these samples, the production
of which & what his character is referred to
in connexion with Mr Bull's remarks had
powerfully impressed the assembled Commissioners, some of
whom rejected them as
mere toys on the spot. But they would look into this
matter some day. Mr Bull laid before the Commissioners
expended his opinion at
great length on these
subjects
plants upon the public prospect were
admirable. So surprising did they flourish, and so persevering
were they cultivated. Not was the only article he had
found in England in a perfectly manufactured state.
He
congratulated the Commissioners on the
they being, at least, one commodity imported by
Britain, which
was
meddled, and of which the
public always had an ample supply,
the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.
On the insolence of the
insinuation of pleasure with which this gratifying
ment was received, Mr Bull informed the Commissioners

that he was approached the most serious and the least pleasant most discouraging part of his task. He need not shrink from a description of the most laborious and painful analysis which he was forced the room of this Calvs but he must prepare the Commissioners to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a large collection of specimens of Representative Chamber [when the Commissioners had examined, diversified with contrasts of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample which produced proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their attention, was collected there in the month of July in the present year. In particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its discasers condition need be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most short-sighted Gentlemen present. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Soot and deluted with large quantities of coloring matter, of false and deceptive nature. It was varnished with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found the waste of Trash (both manufacture and design), gilded and stained with large quantities of Dark Turpitude, and had a

heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, used the worst of phrases worst opprisons. It was almost inconceivable whether an article in itself so wholesome as Depenatetic Chamber, could have been sold with this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, & wholly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commissioners whether he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample he saw them, Mr Ball replied that Humbug? in one form or another pervaded the entire mass. He proceeded to explain that he thought it would be possible in human nature to endure for any length of time the close contemplation of this specimen, which was revolting to all the senses. The question was then put to Mr Ball as to whether he could account for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and for its acceptance by the Public? Does the Commissioner suppose that human stomachs might revolt at it - and justly - while they did endure it and did look on at the market - where it was exposed. To these enquiries Mr Ball offered the following explanation.

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said) he attributed that result chiefly to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business - took or "came in", according to the slang of the trade - his first proceeding after the adulteration of Public opinion with Woodledown, was to consider how he could adulterate and lower his Depenatetic Chamber. This he did; a variety of arts, and a nefarious

distinct

agents. Now the trade had been so long in the hands of these men and we [illegible] of their [illegible] violent [illegible] made it [illegible] might be [illegible] in advertising this [illegible] opposition among themselves [illegible] commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business [illegible] had been [illegible] investing their capital [illegible] prevented from [illegible] this branch of commerce. And [illegible] indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they owed their calling of an honest scavenger again it was observed that [illegible] dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, [illegible] tradesmen, and workpeople upon whom they could put off their bad Peppermint character [illegible] them to take it - whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this [illegible] commodity [illegible] Mr Dale observed that it was not to be denied that the public [illegible] had been too prone to accept the colouring matter in preference of the genuine article. [illegible] Sometimes it was Blood and sometimes it was Beer, [illegible] sometimes it was Talk and sometimes it was Cant, but colouring matter they certainly had too often [illegible] looked for. When they should have looked for honesty and sincerity. They suffered heavy fines, and to behold real penitence; for there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the [illegible] acute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly [illegible] grounds on [illegible] Hopes for them were, to reject the colouring matter on all [illegible] occasions.

One further question was put [illegible] by the witness the Commissioners: namely what hope [illegible] had [illegible] of seeing this [illegible] necessary of English life, restored

a genuine and wholesome state? Mr Dall returned that his sole hope was in the Sultie's resolute rejecting all colouring matter whatsoever - being equally miserable with the dealers whether they threatned or cajoled - and standing his ground provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commissioners then adjourned, in expectation of its arrival, sine die.

3

at no period in the history of England since the Reformation began its vast changes in the condition of the people, has the question of Education in its bearings on their future habits &c, assumed so important an aspect as at the present time. Among a variety of causes which combine to render the subject one of the gravest moment, especially in connexion with Female Training, there is one which seems naturally to fall within the range of this little pamphlet. Those advances in the arts of producing the comforts and appliances of life, which the present age is remarkable, and which place enjoyments and even temptations in the way of those who may choose very many within whose reach they used not to come, cannot fail to have wrought a great change in the ways of living now prevailing among many classes. Where such facilities are directed, not to the purposes of an extravagant, thoughtless, and selfish expenditure, a very poor and bad acknowledgement is rendered for the possession of blessings that should be the source of true thankfulness of heart - such a thankfulness giving birth to higher and stronger desire, strenuously to discharge the duties of life. Here, the women of a family possess a quiet but a mighty influence. On their sense of the great responsibility resting with them, and on their manner of discharging their duties as wives, mothers, and sisters, upon whom (though there should be tens of thousands of admirable schools) must mainly depend, after all, the care of childhood, the cultivation of youth, and the acquisition of habits of men, of habits of order, prudent economy, and honorable principle. These essentials are daily becoming more and more highly esteemed, not only by working men, but by no class more than by that large and influential body, the employers of young men in mercantile houses. Upon those young men, upon their zeal, attention, and fidelity, the wealth and credit of the country rests for much

Copy in the handwriting of Charles Dickens of "The Influence Exercised by Women in the Home" by The Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Presented to The Dickens House in Loving Memory of Mrs. Frank S. Johnson (whose membership of The Dickens Fellowship gave her much happiness) by her husband. 1947.

of its support; and whether, in their various stations and degrees, those of a character equal to their trust shall be many or few in number, greatly depends upon the social habits of their families! Thus, although that kind of knowledge which has of late been popularly called the knowledge of common things, may seem at first sight the many wanted & the poor, because the more obvious exigencies of their lives render the need of it the more apparent, it is absolutely certain that the want of such knowledge, in any grade of life, with all its lowering tendency on morals or efficiency, and on happiness

In the papers now under consideration, the importance of the direct example of Teachers on their Pupil-Teachers and on the children under their care, is dwelt upon with great truth and propriety. In regard to the larger question of example in general, direct and indirect, it is most earnestly suggested to all who may chance to read these pages, that no attention or attention to duty can be justified by what at the individual with whom it may rest or blame attaches. Good example and Bad Example, in anything and in everything, influences individuals and from them extends to classes; so that all of us, in every action of our lives incur a responsibility almost as distinct to estimate as it is impossible to evade. No human influence towards the formation of habit can be stronger than that of the female members of a family; for, on the tone of their minds, on their tastes, on their sense, and on their habits of management depend the attractive or the unattractive qualities of Home.

[redacted]

William, by Divine Providence, Archbishop of *CANTERBURY*, Primate of all ENGLAND and Metropolitan. To our well-beloved in CHRIST, John Sheppard Charles Dickens of Furnivals Inn in the County of Middlesex Bachelor and Catherine Thorn Hogarth of the Parish of Saint Luke Chelsea in the same County a Minister a Minor

GRACE and HEALTH. **WHEREAS** ye are, as it is alledged, resolved to proceed to the Solemnization of true and lawful Matrimony with the Consent of George Hogarth the natural and lawful Father of the said Minor

and that you greatly desire that the same may be solemnized in the Face of the Church: We being willing that these your honest Desires may the more speedily obtain a due Effect, and to the end therefore that this Marriage may be publicly and lawfully solemnized in the Parish Church of

Saint Luke Chelsea aforesaid

by the RECTOR, VICAR, or CURATE thereof, without the Publication or Proclamation of the Banns of Matrimony, provided there shall appear no Impediment of Kindred or Alliance, or of any other lawful Cause, nor any Suit commenced in any Ecclesiastical Court, to bar or hinder the Proceeding of the said Matrimony, according to the Tenor of this Licence: And likewise, That the Celebration of this Marriage be had and done publicly in ——— the aforesaid Church ——— between the Hours of Eight and Twelve in the Forenoon. We, for lawful Causes, graciously grant this our **Licence and Faculty,** as well to you the Parties contracting, as to the RECTOR, VICAR, CURATE, or MINISTER, of ——— the aforesaid Parish ——— who is designed to solemnize the Marriage between you, in the Manner and Form above specified, according to the Rites of the Book of Common Prayer, set forth for that Purpose, by the Authority of Parliament. **Given** under the Seal of our **Vicar General** this Twenty-seventh Day of March in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, and in the Eighth Year of our Translation.

L.S.

John Moore
Registrar

4 & 5 Will. IV. c. 76, and 1 & 2 Vict. c. 110. Geo. IV, c. 76, This Licence to continue in force only Three Months, from the Date hereof.

Charles John Huffam Dickens died 9th June 1870.
and
Catherine Thomson Hogarth died 22nd Nov. 1879.
} Married (at St. Luke's Chelsea) April 2nd 183

Their Children.

Charles Culliford Boz ——— Born January 6th 1837. Died 20th June 1896
Mary ——— Born March 6th 1838. Died 23rd July 1896. (next boy)
Catherine Elizabeth Macready ——— Born October 29th 1839. Died 9 May 1929
Walter Landor ——— Born February 8th 1841. Died Dec. 31, 1863 without male issue
Francis Jeffrey ——— Born January 15th 1844. Died June 11, 1886 without issue
Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson ——— Born October 28th 1845. Died Jan.y 2, 1912. without male issue
Sydney Smith Haldimand ——— Born April 18th 1847. Died May 2 1872 without male issue
Henry Fielding ——— Born January 16th 1849. Died 21 Dec. 1933.
(Common Serjeant of the City of London)
(Dora Annie ——— Born August 16th 1850. Died 14th April.
Edward Bulwer Lytton ——— Born March 13th 1852. Died 24 1902 without male iss

Charles Culliford Boz Dickens
died 20th June 1896. } Married, at St. Marks Regents Park
Elizabeth Matilda Moule Evans } November 19, 1861
died 18 April 1907.

Their Children

Mary Angela	Born October 31, 1862	Died	
Ethel Kate	" February 19, 1864	Died 1936.	
Charles Walter	" May 21, 1865	Died 6th Nov. 1921 without issue.	
Sydney Margaret	" October 18, 1866	Died 20th March 1955	
Gertrude Dorothy Maria	" February 4, 1868	Died 1931.	
Beatrice	" August 8, 1869.	Died 1936	
Cecil Mary	" January 2, 1871	Died	
Evelyn Bessie	" August 30, 1873	Died 16 Sept. 1924	

deal of good-
You ask me how the Railway
goes on
I am delighted to be able to say most prosperously
I am sure you would be as happy as I am if you were
here to see what much better spirits my dearest
Mother is in already - I fear by this time

Ship Edgarth
Freemantle
Gunnerton
Berwick

thoughts of his new mode of life poor fellow! I hope he
may like it as well as he anticipates, Papa thinks
of sending William and James to a school at
Hamburgh as a thorough knowledge of the German
and French languages will be of so much use to
them here we shall of course be very sorry
to part with them but it will do them a great

called — It is not exactly a house but a
suite of rooms as Jenny & Jem one to another
they were formerly a set of chambers which
Charles had for 18 years, and they thought
it would be a very nice and prudent
coarse of beginning by staying out the corporation
this time, they have furnished
them most tastefully and elegantly,
the drawing room with Rose wood
the dining room with Mahogany
furniture. I hope you are fully satisfied
with this description. We were very sorry
we did not see Mr Clay when he
was in London. He had just left when
we got there the last coming he
had not law letter however for he remained
all night and very late we were to see
him, what a Giant he has grown with the
exception of his height I think he is just
what he used to be when I was at dear
happy Leremaston. Were you not very sorry to
part with him. He seemed delighted at the

[illegible] house Lindy made you could see
[illegible] and sincerely hope you may
some day or other not be distant, She
makes a most capital housekeeper and is
as happy as the day is long. I think they are
more devoted than ever since their marriage
if that be possible. Same time you be
would like dislodge with Mrs
know him. He is such a nice creature and
so clever he is courted and made out to be
at the literary gentleman and has more
to do in that way than he can well manage
I cannot describe to you their house as
I do not think in our many perambulations
through the Metropolis town we ever changed
to pay it at all events if we did we little
thought then it was to be such an interesting
place either as do and therefore
it, at consequence